

**Jupiter and the Full Moon.**  
TO-MORROW evening the moon and Jupiter, for the second time this month, will appear quite close together in the sky, but now the moon will be full, pouring her silvery radiance over the earth as soon as the sunlight has disappeared. Jupiter will hang like a golden pendant about three degrees south of the moon.

## The Hidden Hand

A Great Film Serial  
STARRING DORIS KENYON  
Ramsay Exercises a Strange Fascination Over  
Doris, Which She Cannot Explain.



A New Photograph of the Talented and Beautiful Doris Kenyon, the Star in "The Hidden Hand."

**SYNOPSIS.**  
Doris Whitney, daughter of Judge Whitney, finds her father and a strange man shot in the Whitney library. The dying Whitney accuses his new secretary, Jack Ramsay, of the shooting. The stranger proves to be the Grand Duke Alexovitch, who tells Doris, Verda Crane, Whitney's ward, Dr. Scarley, Doris' fiance, and Abner Whitney, her uncle, that he came to see Whitney bearing a secret package by which he could prove that Doris was not Miss Whitney, but his (the Grand Duke's) daughter, whom he had not seen for eighteen years. She had been condemned to death by the czar on the warning of a mad man, Ramsay, that she would advise a malign influence on the ruler and that she would be the most beautiful woman in the world. The czar had exiled the father and then relenting had taken Doris' finger prints and entrusted her to Whitney, then in Russia building railroads. The czar recalled the Grand Duke and told him the secret, giving him an explosive packet which would blow the father and the father's friends to bits. Doris' finger prints and entrusted her to Whitney, then in Russia building railroads. The czar recalled the Grand Duke and told him the secret, giving him an explosive packet which would blow the father and the father's friends to bits. Doris' finger prints and entrusted her to Whitney, then in Russia building railroads. The czar recalled the Grand Duke and told him the secret, giving him an explosive packet which would blow the father and the father's friends to bits.

**By Arthur B. Reeve.**  
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SHE resented taking orders from this man, yet there was something in his manner and tone that forbade disobedience. She hated herself for it, yet she obeyed. "Yes," repeated Ramsay over the telephone, as he heard some one answer at the other end. "Who is this?"

This mysterious criminal be? If it were Scarley, did he have his car conveniently at the spot at the exact moment when he needed it, had he merely scaled the wall and doubled on his tracks? Or, if it had been Abner Whitney, had the time been sufficient for him to get to his house, not far away?  
There was nothing that Ramsay wanted to say to Abner except to locate him, and he deliberately hung up without another word, turning to make some entries of the time in his notebook.  
Like Scarley, now, Abner was also bitterly hostile to Ramsay, whose voice he had recognized over the wire.  
"You may go now, Miss Verda," ordered Ramsay, glancing up from his notebook, then turning to the policeman. "And you, too."  
Doris stood there alone a moment as Ramsay came over to her and fingered the locket about her neck, looking at it thoughtfully.  
"I think you might be safer if you would entrust this locket to me," he suggested.  
Resentful at his very presence, Doris pulled away angrily, stamping her foot.  
**Doris Resents It.**  
"I won't. You shan't have it," she cried. "I am perfectly able to take care of myself without any help from you. I hate you."  
A quiet smile played over the rather handsome features of the young Secret Service man. He merely shrugged at her petulance, and turned again to his notebook.  
Doris looked at him with growing indignation. What manner of man was this? He was baffling, high-strung and almost hysterical, she threw herself down in a chair beside the table, sobbing in vexation.  
Ramsay came over closer and bent over her as though to encourage her. At the mere touch of his hand she jumped up, her eyes flashing, as she cried again, "Please—let me alone. I tell you, I hate you."  
Almost before he knew it Doris had run out of the library, leaving him moodily looking at the papers before him. But his mind was not on them. How was he to win over this girl surrounded, as he believed, by enemies? It was far and away the most difficult case that he had ever had. An affair of the heart, as he almost felt this was rapidly becoming, was quite different from a criminal investigation. He tried to put all personal feeling out of his mind, and yet always there came back to him the picture of this lovely girl in the hands of those who, his detective instinct told him, had all the earmarks of polished villainy.  
There was nothing else to do. A straight road was cut out for him

to follow, and, come what would, he must protect and save her.  
Again and again through her mind passed the fearful phantasmagoria of the hideous gauntlet that had stretched its deadly forefinger at her. Once in her restless tossing she fancied that she saw her father as he had been only a few short hours ago. She looked and beside him she could see the mysterious bearded stranger. As she looked both men seemed to stretch out their arms to her in appeal. Whose daughter was she, really?  
She woke up in fright, clenching again at the locket, then, as she dropped back upon her pillow, she realized that although it had been only a dream which she saw, it was a fearful reality which she faced.  
So the night passed, Doris doing fitfully and Ramsay down in the library working desperately to uncover among Johnson Whitney's papers some clue that would point to a solution of the mystery.  
Nor was Ramsay the only person interested in the safety of the girl. In the den from which the Hidden Hand had issued earlier in the evening, his emissary whom he had made up as an exact replica of Ramsay had returned, carrying the gauntlet of death. It was some time later that the signal light over the door flashed and the Hidden Hand himself returned.  
Trembling, the false Ramsay and the other emissaries bowed and shuffled, fearful over what the master might do in his fit humor at the failure. A look of relief seemed to pass over the faces of them all. He had forgotten his ill success in the sagaciousness of a new attempt to get the locket.  
Also the one idea in the mind of the master criminal was the safety of the half of the secret which he already possessed. In a corner stood a spherical safe of peculiar design. Only he knew the combination, which consisted in rocking the safe a certain number of times to the right, to the left, and to the right again.  
A few moments and he had opened the safe. An exclamation of surprise and awe came from his hand and cruel lips as he pounced upon a rectangular packet, in the side of which was the circular depression the exact size and shape of the locket which Doris wore.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

Are You Following "The Hidden Hand" Here Each Day?



# Magazine Page



## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

"AND now, my child, you may kiss her. Kiss her dead lips if you will, as she would have you to, if for her to choose. For she is not a grinning devil now—not any more a foul thing for all eternity. No longer she is the devil's Un-Dead. She is God's true dead, whose soul is with Him!" Arthur bent and kissed her, and then he went him and Quincy out of the tomb; the professor and I sawed the top off the head and filled the mouth with garlic. We soldered up the leaden coffin, screwed on the coffin-lid, and gathering up our belongings, came away. When the professor locked the door he gave the key to Arthur.  
Outside the air was sweet, the sun shone, and the birds sang, and it seemed as if all nature were tuned to a different pitch. There was gladness and mirth and peace everywhere, for we were at rest ourselves on one account, and we were glad, though it was with a tempered joy.  
Before we moved away Van Helsing said:—  
"Now, my friends, one step of our work is done, the most harrowing to ourselves. But there remains a greater task; to find out the author of all this our sorrow and to stamp him out. I have close which we can follow; but it is a long task, and a difficult, and there is danger in it, and pain. Shall you not all help me? We have learned to believe, all of us, that it is not so. And since so, do we not see our duty? Yes! And do we not promise to go on to the bitter end?"  
Each in turn, we took his hand, and the promise was made. Then said the professor as we moved off:—  
"Two nights hence you shall meet with me and dine together at seven of the clock with friend John. I shall treat two others, two that you know not as yet; and I shall be ready to all our work show and our plans unfold. Friend John, you come with me home, for I have much to consult about, and you can help me."  
**WORK ACCOMPLISHED.**  
**VAN HELSING GOES HOME.**  
To-night I leave for Amsterdam, but shall return tomorrow night. And then begins our great quest. But first I shall have much to say, so that you may know what is to do and to dread. Then our promise shall be made to each other anew; for there is a terrible task before us, and once our feet are on the plough share, we must not draw back."  
**CHAPTER XVII.**  
**DR. SEWARD'S DIARY—Continued.**  
When we arrived at the Berkeley Hotel, Van Helsing found a telegram waiting for him:  
"Am coming up by train. Jonathan at Whitney. Important news.—Mina Harker."  
The professor was delighted. "Ah, that wonderful Madam Mina," he said, "pearl among women! She arrives, but I cannot stay. She must go to your house, friend John. You must meet her at the station. Telegraph her en route, so that she may be prepared."  
When the wire was dispatched he had a cup of tea; over it he told me of a diary kept by Jonathan Harker when abroad, and gave me a typewritten copy of it, as also of Mrs. Harker's diary. "Take these," he said, "and study them well. When I have returned you will be master of all the facts, and we can then better enter on our inquiry. Keep them safe, for there is in them much of treasure. You will need all your faith, even you who have had such an experience as that of today."  
**DOCTOR LEAVES DIARIES FOR CLOSE STUDY.**  
"What is here told," he said, "is the beginning of the end to you

## He May Be Writing, Too

A Thought That May Cheer  
Us and Open Up New  
Responsibilities.



By Mary Ellen Sigbee.

HAVE you ever noticed how often it happens that, soon after you have written a letter to someone you care for, you receive a letter in return which shows that he or she was writing to you at the same time? There are thousands of intelligent people

who are convinced that thought is a definite force—as capable of direction as is electricity or any other form of energy whose governing laws we have mastered, and a force whose sending and receiving apparatus is provided by Nature in our own individual organisms. It is astonishing to find how many people nowadays believe this to be true. If it is it opens a new world of responsibilities to us: If our cheerfulness, endurance, courage and faith affect those we love, whether they be near us or afar off, how much more important our thoughts at once become in our estimation! It is worth considering anyway, isn't it?

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By William F. Kirk.

**P**A took Ma & me in a ottomobee yesterday. We had a long ride behind a truck. Pa was thinking of buying the ottomobee but not now. Pa called the ottomobee a I. W. W.; it didn't work. I may buy this car, sed Pa, when we started out for our ride. It belongs to old Bob Footbrake, sed Pa, he had a molyun left to him & he left it to Broadway, sed Pa. He needs a little change now, sed Pa, and I may buy this car.  
I hope you will think twice, sed Ma, before you buy a second-hand car. I have often told, sed Ma, about the first new car that you were going to bring rolling up to the house I didn't ever dream that you would buy a used car.  
Well, we will see, sed Pa. Where would you & little Bobbie like to go this P. M.?  
We mite go out to Brewster & see Caroline, sed Ma, I have been wanting to see her for sum time.  
Brewster it is, then, sed Pa, & he told the driver to talk us to Brewster.  
The car went fine for a little while & Pa was talking all the time about how butiful is Meter. Fill yure lungs with air, Bobbie, sed Pa, & look at them golden fields of waving corn, sed Pa. It was in jest such fields that I worked when a boy, sed Pa, & got this fine pourful frame of mine, strong & rugged as this car, sed Pa, & then the car stopped.  
Now, Bobbie, sed Ma, you can get a good look at them golden fields of corn. We will probably be here here for quite a stretch, sed Ma, if I am not greatly mistaken.  
We will be on our way in a minute, sed Pa, it is only the spark plug, Pa sed. When I put in a new spark plug we will be flying rite along agenn, sed Pa.  
Are you sure that is what ails this char-lot? sed Ma; it seemed to me, sed Ma, that it went to pieces all at once; nothing fast, sed Ma, like the old one (1) Horse Ship,

Do not borrow trubbel, sed Pa. Keep cool.  
That is about the easiest thing we can do, sed Ma, setting out here in this cold Fall air. Bobbie, sed Ma, do you think yure father will rise to the occasion?  
I doant know, I sed, I wish a other car wud cum along.  
Well, Master Mechanick, sed Ma to Pa, after we had waited about a hour, how is old 999?  
Of what are you speaking of, sed Pa.  
The gasolene ghost, sed Ma, that you brot us out in. How does it look for gitting hoam befoor winter fassens its icy clutch on the land, sed Ma.  
Be silent, sed Pa; can't you see that I am false to false with a crisis, sed Pa. This is no time to fear, sed Pa, when I need to have my wits about me & fix this here car.  
Then a friend of Pa's came along, he was driving a big truck & he put our car beehind his truck & brot us back to town.  
All the way back Ma was laffing about what a grate car our car was & how nice it ran when it was running after a truck.  
I think it will be nicer, sed Ma to Pa, if we buy a fonygraaf & lasses to sweet musick insted of what Bobbie & Ma had to listen to, sed Ma, when you was fixing the I. W. W.

**Anecdotes of the Famous**  
That life-long social worker on behalf of women and children, Lady Henry Somerset, tells a quaint story of a little maid of seven summers, who, tired with play, sat with folded hands gazing fixedly at the fire. Looking up finally with a thoughtful expression on her face, she said:  
"Mamma, if I get married when I grow up, will I have a husband like papa?"  
The mother turned, looked down into the earnest eyes and answered with a smile:  
"Why, yes, dear; if you get married you will have a husband like papa."  
"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?"  
"Yes, dear; you would be an old maid," answered the mother, laughing at the queer question. "But whatever put such thoughts into that little head?"  
But the child didn't laugh. She only looked grave and said dejectedly:  
"Well, it's a pretty tough world for us women, isn't it?"  
General Sir Francis Lloyd tells this amusing story of a drill sergeant and a tall recruit.  
Though diminutive as to stature, the sergeant's temper was fierce, and he possessed a ready and a rasping tongue.  
"Now then, you, Private Knaggs," he bawled, "old yer 'ead up. There ain't no three-penny-bits lyin' about on this parade-ground."  
"Shall I always have to look cep, Sergeant?" asked the country lad. "Always!" was the fierce reply.  
"Then," answered Private Knaggs as he lifted his face to the skies, "good-by, Sergeant, for I shan't see these no more."

The First Coffee House.

The first coffee house really deserving to bear that name, which was opened in London, was established in 1652 by Pasqua, in Newman's Court, Cornhill. Pasqua, a Greek, was servant to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and the taste of the new beverage increased so rapidly that coffee houses became common in London at the date of the Restoration of Charles II. It is recorded in " Evelyn's Diary," on May 18, 1657, that "there came in that year to the College of Balliol, in Oxford, one Nathaniel Coropios, out of Greece, who was the first that ever I saw drink coffee, which custom came not into England until about thirty years later."